

OKLAHOMA CITY TIMES

E. E. Gaylord, Editor.

Published Every Evening Except Sunday by
THE OKLAHOMA PUBLISHING COMPANY
E. E. GAYLORD, President
CHARLES W. BOGGS, Secretary-TreasurerEastern and Western Representatives:
The E. KATZ SPECIAL ADVERTISING AGENCY, New York City, San Francisco, Cal., Chicago, Kansas City.SUBSCRIPTION RATES BY MAIL
One year \$5.00
Six months 2.50
Three months 1.25
One month60DAILY AVERAGE PAID 38,639
APRIL CIRCULATION

MORE MILLIONS NEEDED.

SUBSCRIBING a million dollars to the Victory loan for his company, E. W. Marland, of Ponca City, did something more than bring the state so much nearer its quota; he set an example of patriotism and sound business which should encourage others to do likewise in the closing days of the drive. There are few, of course, who can buy bonds in such sums, and it is well that there should be more small investors, rather than that a few men of large wealth should save the record of the state from failure. But there must be many who can buy bonds in some quantity who have thus far neglected their duty to the state and the nation.

There is time to complete the quota, and Mr. Marland's purchase should give impetus to buying. This is the last week of the drive, and the total asked by the government is still far away. Many states are in arrears more than this, but in all save the few already successful, this final week of the drive should be one of unprecedented effort. It is time to impress on everyone how important it is that the loan should succeed. The money is needed to bring the army home, to rehabilitate the wounded and to meet the expenses of a righteous war, which was fought for us although the conflict was thousands of miles away. To meet those demands is a sacred obligation, and part of our debt to the soldiers, who can never be paid in full.

But it is something more than a duty and a privilege. The public welfare of the future as well as of the past is concerned. The needed money will be secured. It is for us to choose whether it is to be loaned to the government, to be repaid with interest, or whether it is to be derived from additional taxes, at a time when taxation is already heavy. It is time to consider what heavier taxation might mean. Higher prices certainly, with a possibility of business depression, which would be worse. Taxed beyond present limitations, many industries must suffer a slump at a time when every effort should be for prosperity and expansion. To buy bonds is assurance against such development.

And the opportunities the loan provides are not least among reasons for investment. To everyone, the bonds are a safe investment, paying a good return, when the small taxation they bear is taken into account. To many they promise a means of saving what might otherwise be wasted. Many bought Liberty bonds, and found it possible to save, even in an era of high prices. There are the same possibilities still, and those who learned the thrift lessons of the war should need no urging now.

More millions are needed to put this state among the winners. Your part may be but a small portion of one million, but, until you do that part, you are listed with the slackers. In some ways, the slacker in peace is worse than the slacker in war, if possible. If you bought bonds when the war was on, you should buy them now for the same patriotic motives, unless your patriotism is for times of danger only.

While this city is eager to acquire new industries, safe blowing isn't among those wanted, and something should be done to discourage those who have lately taken up that gainful occupation here.

Although fire has damaged the naval sea planes intended for a trans-Atlantic flight, there is apt to be plenty of time to repair them before the weather seems satisfactory for such an effort.

Mexico has recently celebrated its independence day, a reminder that Mexicans occasionally seem entirely too independent for their own good. In fact, many of them are so independent that they would rather pillage than work, and, while that sort of thing had its advantages when knighthood was in flower, it doesn't contribute to the progress of a modern country.

There is also every indication that the casualty list will be reported in plenty of time to begin on the next war. Peace, you understand, is expected to last for some time.

Now Senator Borah says he doesn't want to make a political issue out of the league of nations, and all who believe him will please arise and stand on their heads.

Ice cream sold at church socials isn't subject to the luxury tax. Which, however, needn't be construed as a knock on that kind of ice cream.

Italy is about to return to the peace conference, and may have to eat a bit of humble pie. Crow will be reserved for the Germans, as per the original arrangement.

MARRIED LIFE

By De BECK

Don't Worry
by W. W. M.

PASSING OF THE TOWN COW.

Just recently the health department heard
Petitions urging it to ban the cow,
And possibly will heed the warning word,
And bar the bossie from the city now.

No Jersey grazes in our humble flat,
So our concern is academic, quite,
About the bovine's future habitat,
Or if to urban ways she bids goodnight.

But such a move in sanitation's weal
Brings recollection fond of other years,
And turns our pen to reminiscent spiel
Of other sisters of the corn-fed steers.

The town cow often trod our quiet street,
Her large splay feet made shell holes on the lawn,
Which moved to language we will not repeat
The one who found her trail at early dawn.

An independent, predatory beast,
Of holohesivistic ways, as we recall,
She spoiled the landscape, if she gave a feast
And for a missing offspring long would bawl.

Hence we can read, unmoved, her banishment
Beyond the pavements and electric glare,
Although commercial milk's of low percent
Of butter fat, and cream on it is rare.

Arrest of a number of boys for remaining out after the curfew sounded, prompts us to send out a tracer for the o. f. elocutionist who used to insist that "curfew shall not ring tonight," although perhaps it were better to let bygones be bygones.

None of the camouflage artists succeeded in perfecting a satisfactory disguise for the spring onion.

Old Jay House, apostle of common sense, and noted among paragraphs of the middle west, has been grabbed by the big league, going to the Philadelphia Public Ledger. So far as we know, he is the only columnist who ever served two terms as mayor, although we have known a number of funny mayors in our time.

There is so much else to read that a lodge paper seldom cuts into our evenings greatly.

Discovery of a wine cellar in this city may stimulate further exploration, wine being, as some will recall, a stimulant.

At times we are convinced that the extemporaneous speaker is too anxious to prove it.

A stingy man may have fewer friends, but he isn't so apt to need them.

An English aviator recently remarked the superiority of Oklahoma ankles to the London variety. We gather that he was an observer instead of a pilot.

UNEMPLOYED.

But very few are unemployed
In this progressive state,
But joy is not quite unalloyed,
As we shall demonstrate.

For, while there may be work enough
For toiling folk and such,
Too many just abhor the stuff
And think there is too much.

A poor man may have other cares, but he needn't take out any insurance against gout.

That hydrophobia warning sent out by the board of health should enable many communities to enjoy the thrill of a mad dog scare. Such entertainment, however, is frequently rough on the dogs.

So much of the devilment in this world is blamed on human nature that it is time to offset such calumny with the kindly word. Human nature may be frail and faulty, but it is the best most of us can afford, and is responsible for a great deal of good, first and last.

Mrs. George Walters attracted attention by chasing a burglar with a hatchet, and there is some curiosity to know if her Christian name is Carrie.

Don't be so conceited you mistake your own approval for popular applause.

After a man acquires rheumatism, he is apt to start an argument with the weather bureau.

POLLY AND HER PALS—Aerial Acrobatics, Pa, That's All



THE GUMPS—ANOTHER DISH OF MOUNTAIN CANARY

Old Stories
in New Type
from the Times Files

Twenty Years Ago.
When Oklahoma people want to draw a crowd they advertise that Dennis Flynn has been invited to speak.

On Monday, May 1, at the home of the bride's parents near Lexington, Judge William P. Harper and Mrs. Cora Wilson were married by Rev. J. G. Heath. The judge and his bride have begun housekeeping at 425 Reno.

Governor and Mrs. Barnes arrived yesterday on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Turner.

Fifteen Years Ago.
Arrangements for the Spring Carnival include a holiday for the school children May 18, that they may attend the big parade. The Loyal Sixteen, who have been the means of advertising this city at the St. Louis fair, will occupy a six-horse brake. They are Misses Janie Burns, Galen Dutcher, Ruth Harper, Alice E. Kirkpatrick, Miriam Richardson, Frances M. Burrows, Katherine Grant, Katherine Harrell, Hyla Long, Gussie Simmons, Pearl Wycoff, Marian LaRue, Cooter, Neva Haines, Anna R. Jamison, Naomi Phillips and Betty Lou Sims.

The Twentieth Century club will close its year's work Monday at the home of its president, Mrs. J. S. Corley, 329 East Sixth street.

Ten Years Ago.
A ten-story office building is to be erected at the corner of Broadway and Grand by Max Herskowitz, on the same lots where his present building now stands.

The new \$10,000 Olympic club will be opened formally Saturday. The club is located in the rear of the postoffice between Robinson and Harvey. The membership is about 200.

The marriage of Mr. George B. Stone and Mrs. Emma Ankenny will take place in June.



The young lady across the way says it's awfully interesting to look in at the second-story windows of the houses in New York as you ride along on the subway.

The same lots where his present building now stands.

The new \$10,000 Olympic club will be opened formally Saturday. The club is located in the rear of the postoffice between Robinson and Harvey. The membership is about 200.

The marriage of Mr. George B. Stone and Mrs. Emma Ankenny will take place in June.

History Bits

One Hundred Years Ago Today.
1819—Many professors and others were forced to flee from Germany because of the drastic measures of the government to suppress liberalism.

Seventy-Five Years Ago Today.
1844—Fearful riots in Philadelphia between the native American party and the Irish residents of the city.

Fifty Years Ago Today.
1869—The southern Baptist convention met in annual session at Macon, Ga.

Twenty-Five Years Ago Today.
1894—A great fete in honor of Joan of Arc was opened at Orleans, France.

One Year Ago Today in the War.
May 6, 1918—Balfour in British parliament denied new peace offer had been made by Berlin. British airmen made successful night raid in neighborhood of Bapaume. Rumania signed peace treaty with the four central powers.

Our Daily Birthday Party.
Frederick William, the former German crown prince, born at Potsdam, 37 years ago today.

In the Day's News.
Dr. Abraham Jacobi, who enters upon his ninetieth year today, is known as America's "grand old man of medicine." A native of Germany, he was forced to flee from that country when charged with high treason for participation in the German revolutionary movement of 1848. Today he is believed to be the only surviving leader of that revolt. He arrived

In America, equipped with a medical education received at the best of the German universities. Settling in New York, he became in time one of the most distinguished of American physicians. In 1873 Dr. Jacobi married Dr. Mary Putnam, a famous pioneer among women physicians, being the first woman to become a member of the New York Academy of Medicine and the first to be admitted to the Ecole Medicine, the famous Paris medical college.

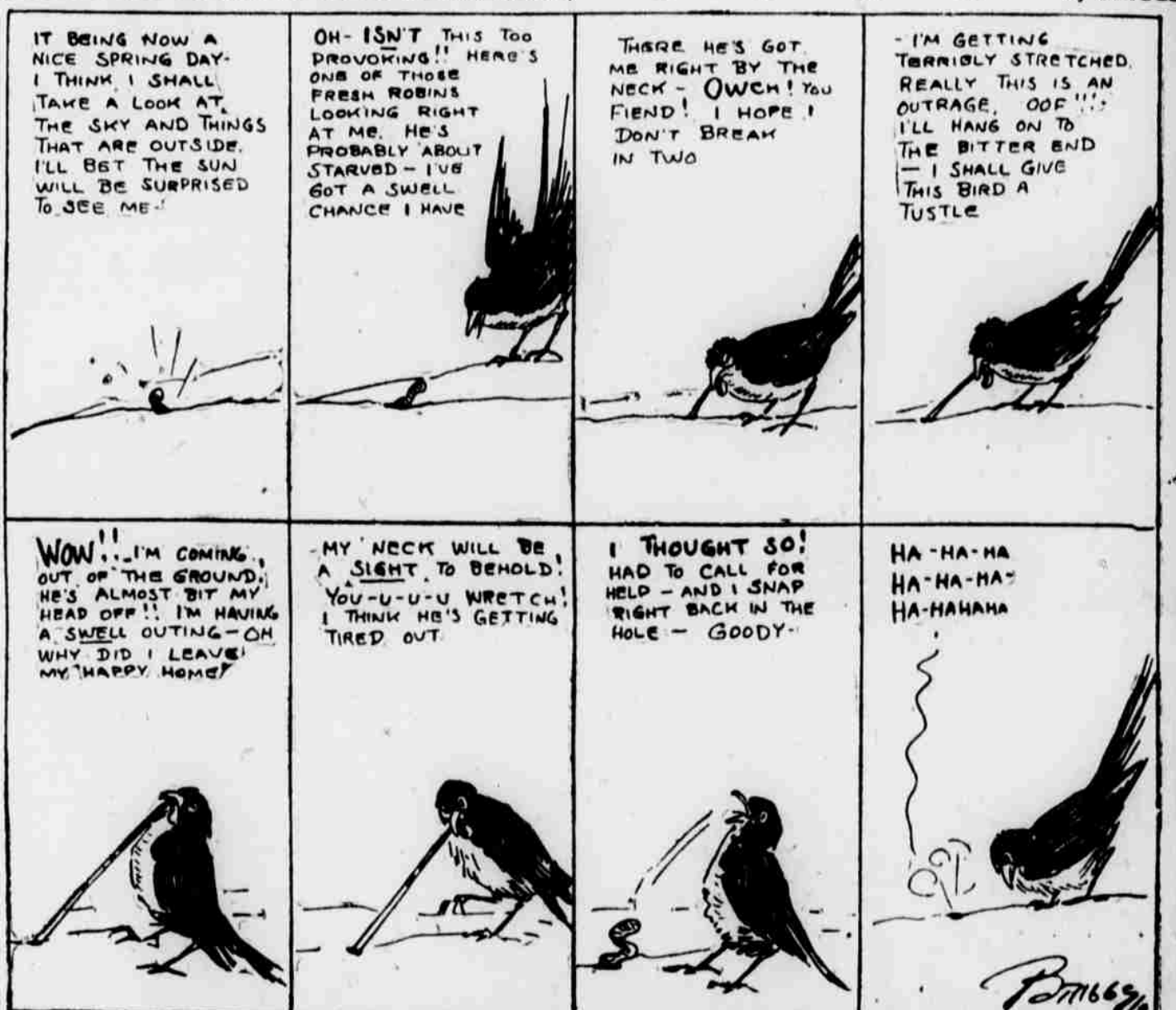
Dripping Rhymes
by Walt Mason

POOR WASHINGTON.

I N Washington men pay their taxes on motor cars and battle axes, on stately homes with all their splendor, they go on furniture and pink suspenders. The burden ever greater waxes, there's no variety of taxes that doesn't hit the stricken city and make it look around for pity. And Washington would dig the money and wear a smile serene and sunny, and show a host of cheerful faces. If she could vote like other places. But Uncle Sam, he says, "No, never! Let digging up be your endeavor, and do not knock, with busy mallet, because you cannot have the ballot. You should be glad to dig the boodle, and whoop around for Yankee doodie, sound loyalty to me denoting without a hubbub wish for voting. From Washington men go to battle, where mortars pop and sabres rattle; they go from slanty and from manor, and wave aloft our spangled banner, and offer all they have for freedom, and when they go we cry, "God speed 'em! When they come back, their laurels totting, and ask to do their share of voting, we say, "Gee whal! Such talk is treason! Now, boys, ask anything in reason, and you will not be rendered useless—but Washington is always voteless!"

WONDER WHAT THE EARLY WORM THINKS ABOUT

By BRIGGS



By CLIFF STERRETT